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Chap. 6. The germs of shell-fish and marine animals, mixed with the vapours of the ocean, and scattered over the earth by the showers, are not the source of the fossils of Wurzburg.

Chap. 12. Our petrifications are not the products of modern art, as some persons have ventured to assert, throwing a cloud of doubts and fables over this subject.

Chap. 13. Grave reasons for considering our petrifications as the work of nature, and not of art.

The absurdity of the arguments employed in the discussion of these different propositions, exceeds all belief. For example, the author, to refute the opinion of those who attribute these petrifications to the superstition of the Pagans, demonstrates that none of these specimens in his possession are described in the decrees of the German synods, which proscribed images and sorcery. Neither can they be considered as victims offered to idols, for who ever sacrificed figured stones instead of living animals? They are not amulets which Pagan parents hung around the necks of their children, to preserve them from the charms of witchcraft, for some of them are so heavy that they would strangle the poor infant, and there is no aperture in any of them through which a chain could be passed. Finally, what renders it impossible that these stones are the remains of Paganism, is, that many of them are inscribed with Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and German characters, expressing the name of the Deity.

This work, as we have stated, was suppressed when he discovered the cruel hoax that had been played upon him. The work, in its original state, is very rare, and is only known to the curious; but after the death of M. Berenger, the copies which he had retained were given to the public by a bookseller, but with a new title-page. S.

SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Songs of our land, ye are with us for ever,

The power and the splendour of thrones pass away ;

But yours is the might of some far flowing river,

Through Summer's bright roses or Autumn's decay.

Ye treasure each voice of the swift passing ages,

And truth, which time writeth on leaves or on sand ;

Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and sages,

And keep them among us, old songs of our land.

The bards may go down to the place of their slumbers,

The lyre of the charmer be hushed in the grave,

But far in the future the power of their numbers

Shall kindle the hearts of our faithful and brave.

It will waken an echo in souls deep and lonely,

Like voices of reeds by the summer breeze fanned ;

It will call up a spirit for freedom, when only

Her breathings are heard in the songs of our land.

For they keep a record of those, the true hearted,

Who fell with the cause they had vowed to maintain ;

They show us bright shadows of glory departed,

Of love that grew cold, and the hope that was vain.

The page may be lost and the pen long forsaken,

And weeds may grow wild o'er the brave heart and hand ;

But ye are still left when all else hath been taken,

Like streams in the desert, sweet songs of our land.

Songs of our land, ye have followed the stranger,

With power over ocean and desert afar,

Ye have gone with our wanderers through distance and danger,

And gladdened their path like a home-guiding star.

With the breath of our mountains in summers long vanished,

And visions that passed like a wave from the sand,

With hope for their country and joy from her banished,

Ye come to us ever, sweet songs of our land.

The spring time may come with the song of her glory,

To bid the green heart of the forest rejoice,

But the pine of the mountain, though blasted and hoary,

And the rock in the desert, can send forth a voice.

It is thus in their triumph for deep desolations,

While ocean waves roll or the mountains shall stand,

Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nation,

Shall glory and live in the songs of their land.

F. B.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

THE POOR AUTHOR.*

How many a time do we take up the page of news, or the sheet of literary novelty, without reflecting upon the nameless sources whence their contents have been derived; and yet what a fruitful field do they afford for our deepest contemplation, and our holiest and purest sympathies! There may be there brought together, and to the general eye displayed in undistinguished union, contributions over which the jewelled brow of nobility hath been knitted into the frown of thoughtfulness, and side by side with these, chapters wearily traced out by the tremulous hand of unbefriended genius. Upon the former we do not mean to dwell, but we *would* wish for a few moments to contemplate the heart-trying condition of the latter.

It is hard to conceive a situation more replete with wretchedness than that of the struggling man of letters—who who has offered his *all* before the shrine of long-looked-for fame; who has staked health, and peace, and happiness, that he may win her favour, and who nevertheless holds an uncertain tenure even of his "daily bread." He is poor and in misery, yet he lives in a world of boundless wealth; but in this very thing is to be found the exquisite agony of his condition. What though haggard want wave around him her lean and famished hands, what avails *that*? Write he must, if it be but to satisfy the cravings of a stunted nature; write he must, though his only reward be the scanty pittance that was greedily covenanted for, and when his due, but grudgingly presented him. And then he must delineate plenty and happiness; he must describe "the short holiday of childhood," the guileless period of maiden's modesty, the sunshine of the moment when we first hear that we are loved, the placid calm of peaceful resignation; or it may be, the charms that nature wears in England's happy vales, the beauty of her scenery, the splendour and wealth of her institutions, the protecting law for the poor man, her admirable code of jurisprudence. All, all these may be the theme of his song, or the subject of his appointed task; but the hours will pass away, and the spirits he has called up will disappear, and his visions of happiness will leave him only, if it be possible, more fearfully alive to his own helplessness—they cannot wake their echo in his soul, and instead of their worthier office of healing and blessedness, they render his wound deeper, deadlier, and more rankling.

And who is there, think you, kind reader, that can feel more acutely the sting of neglect and poverty than the lonely man of genius? Of him how truly may it be said, "he cannot dig, to beg he is ashamed!" His intellect is his world; it is the glorious city in which he abides, the treasure-house wherein his very being is garnered; it is to cultivate it that he has lived; and when it fails him in his wintry hour, is not he indeed "of all men most miserable?"

But let us suppose that his prescribed duty is done, that the required article is written, and that this child of his sick and aching brain is at last dismissed; and can his thoughts follow it? Can his heart bear the reflection that it shall find admission where he durst not make his appearance? He knows that it will be laid on the gorgeous table of the rich and honourable. He knows, too, that it will find its way to the happy fireside, the home where sorrow hath not yet entered—such as once was his own in the days of his childhood. He knows that the unnatural relation who spurned him from his door when he asked the bread of charity, may see it, and without at all knowing the writer, that even *his* scornful sneer may be thereby relaxed. He knows—but why more? Of *himself* he knows that want and woe have been his companions, that they are yet encamped around him, and that they will only end their ministry "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

This is by no means—oh, would that it were so!—an ideal picture. In LONDON, amid her "wilderness of building," there are *at this hour* hundreds whose sufferings could corroborate it, and whose necessities could give the stamping conviction to its truth. We were ourselves cognizant of the history of one young man's life, his early and buoyant hopes, his subsequent misfortunes and miseries, and his early and unripe death, to all of which, anything that is painted above bears but a faint and indistinct resemblance. He was an

* The writer, as will be seen, has had in view solely the literature of London.